April 6th 66

Dearest Wife

& Companion of my bosom

It is with pleasure that I have the opportunity of writing you a few lines in answer to your very welcome letter of Jan 2nd & was glad to hear that my dear little family was enjoying good health. I can thank God Lord & heartily & have been so. This is a hard country although I believe it is a rich country There is too much cold here for me we had a pleasant winter for to be so far north & so high. There was but few days but what men could work & travel, but the 2 last days of Feb. & the 5 first days of March would make all the cold weather you ever saw. It snowed about 2 feet on a level down where we are, & probably 5 or 6 ft on the main range or divide 6 miles above us. We then had 3 weeks of nice weather & the second day of April it began to snow again & snowed until about 10 o'c this morning it slacked up

& is shaving now. it is 1 oc
I think it will fair off & be good
weather. I've not made much yet
but I know I have good claims
but they are hard to open. Alec is with
me & we have 2 good partners splendid
miners one has done nothing but mine
for 16 years & he is a good man only
every four or five weeks he gets on a
spree & looses a day or two. he & I
are going to a new gulch about
20 miles from here next week to
prospect it is a shallow gulch only
4 to 6 feet deep a friend of mine
(for I have plenty friends.) staked it two
claims two of us will go & prospect
the new gulch & two of us stay here
until we can sell on one gulch
or the other. I also got a letter from John
Harris this morning & I believe I am in
as good a place as if I was at home for John
says they will over the coming draft as I would
if a lot of wolves had me up a sapling
& was gnawing it down & it was beginning
to crack. It was one year last night at
7 oc that I parted with my dear little
family in Indianapolis. I got to studying
about it last night & I could hardly get
to sleep. you need not think that I've forgot my

Dear little family for I think of
them always & dream about them
all night. If I was a single man I
would stay in this country for some
time for I know I could make a
fortune, but I love my dear little
family far better than all the gold
in the Rocky Mountains. They are
striking new gulches every few
days & it will be an immense
mining country, quartz leads by
the thousands, you said you wished
I had some of the pies & sweet cakes
you had. Well Sade they will be the better
when I get back, we are glad to
get bread beef & beans. but we have
always had plenty yet & after the
boats gets up it will be plenty yet
than ever, flour is running very
high now on account of snow on
the divides team cannot get in with
out trouble it sells at present at
50 dollars per hundred in dust
or $100 in greenbacks, pretty steep
that, but it will not last long.
Dearest Sade you bet I will not
stay any longer than I can help
but do not look for me until

you see me, & the time will not be so long. I never saw time pass as fast in my life as it does here, you wanted to know how I like cooking, well good bad middling first rate & not so bad after all. I give ~~you~~ you a discription of our bed in my last letter, washing I do but little, you left patching I like first rate, well I will be a wiser man if ever I am permitted to return there are a good many people I would like to write to but I will only answer letters that I rec^d, only to my dear little wife I will write to her as often as I possibly can. If you do not get letters from me for sometime do not grieve for it is mismanagement of the mail, it has so far to go & so many different hands to go through, Although it has been some 2 months since I wrote to you an account that the mail could not get through on account of the Indians on the Platte River, you wanted to know about Brown Dunlap I had a letter from him & Paul last week Brown is all right they are ragged & sassy, he is at Virginia City, you wanted to know about Charley well he went back to St Louis on the boat, he is a hard one the last I heard from him he got in a fuss with the Pilot & got shot but was not seriously wounded he was able to go about the boat when I heard from him. It happened a few miles down Fort Benton, there is several men on this gulch that was on the boat & saw the whole scrape & say the pilot ought to a killed him, it was a drunken muss, you can tell Gusty or let it alone as you think best, It is now 2 o^c & snowing as though it never intended to quit. This winter will do me in mine here, from your loving Dodd until death, to S. F. Harris

S. F. Harris

H. H. H. Harris forever Yours